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Gambier Observer, July 18, 1834

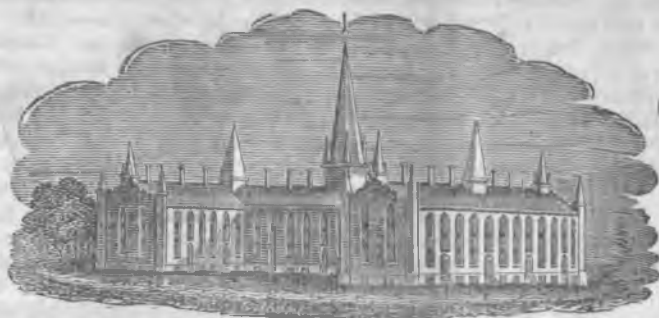
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—"that THY way may be known upon earth, THY saving health among all nations."

VOL. IV.

GAMBIER, OHIO, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1834.

NO. 44.

REV. M. T. C. WING, EDITOR.

GEORGE W. MYERS, PRINTER.

O SPARE MY FLOWER.

H. F. LYTE.

"O spare my flower, my gentle flower,
The slender creature of a day!
Let it bloom out its little hour,
And pass away.
Too soon its fleeting charms must lie
Decayed, unnoticed, overthrown.
O, hasten not its destiny—
Too like thy own.

"The breeze will roam to-morrow,
And sigh to find its playmate gone;
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,
And meet with none.
O spare! and let it still outspread
Its beauties to the passing eye,
And look up from its lowly bed
Upon the sky.

"O spare my flower! Thou know'st not what
Thy undiscerning hand would tear;
A thousand charms thou notest not
Lie treasured there.
Not Solomon, in all his state,
Was clad like nature's simplest child,
Nor could the world combined create
One floweret wild.

"Spare, then, this humble monument
Of an Almighty's power and skill;
And let it at His shrine present
Its homage still.
He made it who makes nought in vain,
He watches it who watches thee;
And He can best its date ordain
Who made it be."

[Vermont Chron.

MISSIONARY.

MR. BRIDGMAN'S ACCOUNT OF LEANG-AFA.

The Rev. Elijah C. Bridgman, American Missionary at Canton, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Hallock, of this city, dated Jan 1, 1834, gives the following account of Leang-Afa, and his son.—*N. Y. Observer.*

You will rejoice with us that Afa is enabled to go forward as he does in circulating the words of eternal life. If nothing occurs to interrupt his progress and present plans, before the Chinese new year, which will be about thirty five days hence, he will have circulated, within a period of four months, more than 10,000 Christian Tracts in the city of Canton and its vicinity. His whole soul seems engaged in this noble work. What will be the result of such a procedure, (which is without a parallel in China,) time will show. The thing is not done in a corner, and it cannot pass unnoticed. The good man seems to have counted well the cost; once has he been beaten with, what is worse than rods, a heavy bamboo; and he knows that he is liable again to suffer the same penalty. But he says, with the means in his hands, he shall incur guilt if he does not publish the Gospel by circulating the books.

I must add a word concerning his little son, in whom the heart of the father is most deeply interested. He is now thirteen years old; he is a boy of much promise, and with five other lads is successfully pursuing elementary studies with me, both in Chinese and English, though under many disadvantages. Besides, the boy has made some progress in learning Hebrew. It is the desire of his father that he should become thoroughly acquainted with the Holy Scriptures in their originals. At times he appears impressed with

truth; and a little conviction of sin is manifested; but as yet he gives no evidence at all of a change of heart. He is surrounded by a thousand snares and temptations; but I am sure that the simple mention of his case will be sufficient to elicit in his behalf the earnest and fervent prayers of all those who are looking for the salvation of China. Most earnestly would I request your prayers also in behalf of the other lads. They have all been trained up to worship dumb idols and false gods. Their hearts, young as they are, are like adamant; and were not the power and mercy of God boundless, I should despair of their conversion.

In regard to future operations in circulating Tracts, I shall endeavor to write to you often, and to give you all the information in my power. It is impossible to tell precisely in what way this wide field is to be opened; but that it will be opened soon on every side, there is no longer room to doubt. But liberal as your grants may be, I must repeat, and I would do it with the utmost emphasis possible, the request for an interest in your prayers, and in those of all the people of God. Without the divine blessing, without the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit, we are nothing, can do nothing, and not one soul will be converted. We need also more labor in this field. But I write no more. Farewell. Pray for us.

SCENES IN REAL LIFE.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—In the volume of the Christian Observer for 1827, we find a review of "Riland's Memoirs of a West-India Planter." It is one of those publications on the evils and iniquity of slavery and the slave trade, which have been instrumental in at length breaking the fetters of the slave in the British Islands. As our own community is greatly interested in the question, and can not feel too deeply for the wrongs and miseries of the slave, we have thought the following sketch would be read with profit and interest. It may be necessary to a proper understanding of the narrative to state that the "Planter's" memoirs comprise his birth and infant education in the West-Indies, his early removal to England, his school-boy memoranda, his return to the colonies, and observations there; with his final settlement in England and his becoming a zealous advocate for the abolition of slavery.

"The following is his account of a poor old blind black man whom he finds when at school in England."

"I shall now relate part of Cæsar's history; not in his language, neither as detailed at one interview; but as digested by myself—without, I trust any material inaccuracy—from what he told at various times, either to me alone, or in the company of others.—'I was born,' said Cæsar 'in a kingdom of Africa far distant from the coast. My birth-place, was a village situated in the midst of a thick wood; through which there was a narrow winding path, not easily to be found by the enemy: I say, the enemy; because, remote though we were from the sea-shore the slave-traders, by means of their agents, made frequent incursions into our kingdom, and we all lived in perpetual exposure to their violence.—Ah, sir, every one still loves his native land; the places where his fathers lived; the trees, flowers, and animals: and I think with pleasure now even upon the dreadful snakes, because they belong to my country. God made our part of Africa such as any man might love. The sky is not there constantly covered with cold clouds, and always dropping with rain; though we had our rainy seasons; but, then, they

were more regular, and we knew when to expect them. The sun there does not bathe its beams in mists and fogs, but pours its kindly heat on all things; and you can't imagine how fast it makes the plants grow. The wide-spreading trees give cool shades, superior—but you will smile at me—to the finest palaces I ever saw in Europe. All was delightful except the curse of this Slave Trade; and that broke in upon all our comforts. The country was made miserable by incessant treacheries. We knew not whom to trust, and some of our chiefs, who carried on a brisk commerce in this way, were always entangling us, and enticing us into what they made crimes, in order to have an excuse for selling us into bondage. They first made us bad, and then punished us for being so. I do not say that we otherwise lived in innocence. No; far, very far from it! We were like the rest of mankind, and sinned in our own way; but—I hope, sir, you will excuse my saying so—I do not think that we were at all worse than you in this country; and especially when I take into the account, that you are all living under the light of the Gospel, and we had never so much as heard of the name of Jesus Christ. I do not mean to say that English people commit exactly the same enormities that we did; for, as I said before, different nations have their own ways of sinning; but the amount of actual guilt may be precisely the same. In short, I used to say to myself, What are these Christians the better for all their churches, and good books—and complaining also, as they do, of the wickedness of the Blacks!—However, let me go on with my own story. I married. Benneba was very young when I took her to my house. We lived happily for a year or two—the happiest time of my life—and had one child. I have tried to live those days over again since. People say that Negroes have not the same feelings as the Whites. But how could our little ones be reared, if we had not the same natural love as other parents have? Even little black children cannot be reared like the lambs and calves of the field. Yet—this cruel Slave Trade!—one of its fruits was, that African fathers and mothers were almost forced, as it were, not to care so much about their offspring, when they knew that they might be sold for slaves. Indeed, there used to be among us such a feeling of insecurity (rather, such a certainty of losing some, at least of our comforts) that there was a kind of desperation, or despondency, or bitterness of soul, which made us often very, very wretched indeed. So, take all things together,—our sunshine, and beautiful trees, and rich fruits were nothing to us, when Slavery was like to be our portion. It puts me in mind of a story, sir, you used to read me, of a certain man who sat at a rich feast, but with a sword over his head, hanging by a single hair. England is indeed cold, too cold; but, then, no man here fears his neighbour. Here are no slave-merchants.—Every poor man knows that no one dare steal away his wife and little child; and he loves his home, and children, and wife, because they are his own, and he works to give them bread; and he loves them because he works for them, and works for them because he loves them; and so his love grows.—But I am forgetting myself. My wife bore a son, lived three months, and died. The child—we called him Quashee—grew a fine boy, and, having no mother, lay in my bosom every

night; and when I went out I carried him with me. Ah! I loved him, and he loved me!—Poor little boy! is he with his mother, in the quiet resting-place where I laid her; and where I often carried her boy to visit her grave! It was in the depth of the wood where she was laid. I wish I knew that my son were safely sleeping beside her, out of the reach of the slave-merchant. Ah, my little Quashee! since my darkness I have thought of him, and fancied I had him again in my arms—but I know not where he is!

"I remember that at this part of the story, Cæsar spoke in broken accents, paused, wiped his sightless eyes; and, suddenly taking his violin, drew the bow over the strings, producing at first a confusion of discordant notes; which by degrees ceased to grate upon the ear, and were succeeded by an exceedingly pathetic strain, consisting but of few notes, but reminding me of one of the pensive airs in Handel—for they also breathe the language of nature. He repeated the air several times; and it seemed, by a kind of mysterious connection with the days of my own childhood, to carry me back to the Lagoon. Yet I could not have decidedly said that I ever heard it before.

"'There—there, sir,' said Cæsar, as he laid down his instrument—that is the tune which Benneba used to sing to her babe! I often play it when I am quite alone; and it brings all my country before me. It is an old African tune, and used by mothers to lull their infants to sleep. It comforts me sometimes to play this tune; but it oftener makes me unhappy—it tells me of joys never to come again!—When my boy was five years old, I took him out one day by the river-side, thinking to catch some fish. We strolled towards one of the water-falls, where the bushes were thick. I wanted a bamboo for my fishing tackle, and left the child among the bushes, telling him to stay there till I had found the bamboo. The cataract made a loud roaring which might be heard from far. I pushed my way among the bushes, and saw a boat, or canoe, falling down the stream towards where I had left my son, and carrying a crew of ill-looking men, one of them seated at the stern, and gently directing their course with a paddle. I started back; but it was too late. In a moment they were on the brink; for they had just caught a glance of me. In the space of five minutes I was pursued, seized, gagged, and laid at the bottom of the canoe. I had struggled, indeed and shrieked; but the noise of the fall drowned my cries. So, happily for him, the child did not hear me; else he would have been captured too. As to myself, during the first surprise of my captivity, I was so bewildered that I know not what passed; perhaps I had been stunned by being violently thrown into the canoe. But when I came a little to myself, my agonies about the child—left, for all that I knew, to perish, or to be enslaved—drove me almost to desperation. They sent me to the coast, and I was immediately put into the hold of a slave-ship.—I shall not particularly describe the terrors of the middle passage; but you may even now see the scars through the holes in my stocking, and where the flesh looks seamed and ragged. I will only tell one part of my sufferings at sea. I was linked to a Coromantee Negro—not, observe, my right hand and foot to his left ones, but across, so that we could not move either hand or foot but with great caution and perfect consent*. Well, my companion was taken with a sad painful disease and his sufferings were not very patiently borne, as I have seen others bear them; for the Coromantees are a much fiercer tribe than many others,

* In the slave ship in which I afterwards (1801) sailed from the Windward Coast, this part of the practice was more humane; but in the most inexorable systems of oppression there are shades of cruelty. The method mentioned in the text was used in Mr. Newton's time. See his 'Thoughts upon the African Slave Trade' (Works, vi. 530); to which I cannot refer, without breathing an earnest wish that many of the admirers of Cardiphonia, Omicron, and the Olney Hymns would also study the subject of Slavery under their justly venerated master. What he says about his own connection with the trade, and his subsequent self abhorrence, is quite applicable to such religionists, in these days, as refuse honestly to examine the anti-slavery question; and content themselves with a guilty neutrality; or, what is more serious, with a hostile feeling against the abolitionists."

so his disease was exasperated by his violence.—Before the illness came on, we had accommodated each other, by governing our motions so as to suit both; and so far escaped injury—that is, escaped *this kind of injury*; for otherwise, as I have heard at church, the iron entered into our souls! But when my poor comrade, in fits of pain, gave convulsive starts and twitches, and sometimes wrenching himself as one possessed with an unclean spirit, he sorely lacerated both himself and me! I used to cry, and complain; but torture hears no cries. I do not blame him—he was the worst sufferer—and then, we did not well understand each other's language; or rather, what was more afflicting, I only understood half of what he said, and so sometimes did exactly contrary to what he meant; and then he was outrageous with me, and, in defiance of the pain, struggled, and tore, and raved—Oh the agonies of the days and nights spent in this terrible conflict!—One night the Coromantee lay so quiet that I was comparatively at ease; and I supposed he was recovering—all was still, and I slept—nature indeed was worn out. On waking, I felt his side and limbs surprisingly cool, and said, all the fever is gone—but he was dead; and I was fettered hand and foot to a corpse!

"This portion of Cæsar's story was told me when I was at school; and I recollect shuddering at the account of his being linked to a *body of death*. I cried out, 'And is it in this way that we get slaves? and does my father know it?'" pp. 17—24.

It may be as well to inform our readers lest they should accuse us of tantalizing them with a detached extract, that Cæsar returns to the West Indies with our worthy planter, and finds his long lost son—a slave on his estate.

ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITION.

[CONTINUED.]

For two days Zamora exerted all his ingenuity to devise a mode of proceeding which might finally conduct him to the event which his heart so anxiously desired. His first and most important step was to penetrate into the mansion of the holy office, but this attempt was also attended with great difficulty, and perhaps with imminent danger. It depended entirely upon the probability of the pretext which he should make use of upon the occasion. After revolving a thousand different projects which occurred to his mind, he at last thought of one which exhibited the possibility of gaining access to the inquisition, without giving rise to any suspicion. He instantly arose and composed his dress, his figure, and his mien, so as to suit the character he best assumed.—At length, when he thought himself sufficiently prepared to deceive all observation by an apparent simplicity, and to answer every objection that might be made to his declarations, he sallied forth, and repaired to the holy office. It was about ten o'clock in the morning.—He begged to speak to the grand inquisitor. The guards and attendants treated him with rudeness.—"His eminence is asleep." "I will wait then." "So you may wait. On whose part do you come?" "On my own." "Your own, indeed. Perhaps you belong to some master?" "Yes, to Don Estevan." In a moment the crew was changed. They took him for an informer. "Enter, my good friend. His eminence shall be apprised of your visit." A messenger was instantly despatched with the intelligence, and returned back almost instantly. "His eminence," said the messenger, "is engaged at present, but he has commanded his private secretary, the right reverend father Ivan Maria, of the most illustrious order of St. Dominic, to give you an audience." They then conducted him through a number of magnificent apartments, and brought him at length to that of the secretary, who was carelessly reclined upon a sofa.

"Well my son, you belong then, to this wretch Estevan? He is a great sinner, is he not? He is a new Christian—his mother was a Jewess, don't you say so? Shall I write down your deposition?"—"Most reverend and illustrious—" "Come my son, don't tremble so. Take courage, you are here in the very temple of justice and mercy." "I thought so when I entered it, most illustrious!

Ah! Don Estevan—he is the cause of my grief! Consider most reverend father, how frequently, in Mexico he promised to have me baptized, but some business or other always interfered." "Tell of his impiety my son. He is an atheist; he mocks at the sacraments. Well, my good child go on." "Well, reverend father, he promised to secure me this blessing in Europe: but see, he has been arrested, and I am not baptized; and if by any misfortune I should now die, poor Zamora would go directly to hell." "*Bone Deus!* My son, God will not allow such a thing to happen; but what was he arrested for." "I know not, most reverend father. I suppose by the government. But finding myself forsaken and abandoned to myself, I imagined that as the grand inquisitor and all who surrounded him are saints, none were so proper to extricate me from the danger in which I stand." "*Gloria patri et filio et Spiritu sancto.* Yes, my dear son we will rescue you from the jaws of the devil. It is God himself who has been your conductor hither." "Ah, good father, what joy, what happiness for me! There are fifty pieces of gold: it is the fruit of my labors since my childhood. Will your reverence condescend to employ this money in having masses said for my salvation?" "Fifty pieces! *Sit nomen Domini benedictum.* I will teach you your catechism, I will be your sponsor, and I trust that his eminence the grand inquisitor, will condescend to perform the ceremony. But what business have you at present?" "None. I have now no place. I have given your reverence all that I had; but I would rather fast than loose my salvation." "The harmlessness of the dove! Well, I will attach you to the holy office; it is the way of heaven. What can you do?" "I know a little of cooking and gardening; I can shave well, besides I am active and alert. I have a quick eye, a ready ear, and an excellent memory." "And discretion?" "I can answer for that." "Excellent!" replied the secretary, and rang a small bell which lay upon the table. "Major domo," said he to a man who entered and stood respectfully at the door, "this young negro is a catechumen whom his eminence and I take under our special protection. I recommend him to you. You will employ him in whatever he is found fit for. I entrust him to your care. See that he be well fed and well treated. Go: and you, my son, follow him; work and pray that you may not fall into temptation."

If Zamora had dared to give way to the feelings of his soul, to what transports would he not have yielded! But he was obliged to confine them within his own heart. He was anxious above all things to apprise the consul of his success. But for the first days they might watch his steps. He employed the first month in conciliating the good will of every body around him. He studied assiduously the catechism of father Juan; he anticipated his desires, he guessed at his intentions, and gratified his smallest wishes. When presented by him to the grand inquisitor, he had been equally successful in recommending himself to that prelate. Without being elated by his favor, and without even boasting of the credit among his inferiors, he used his utmost effort to please them; he assisted their labors, executed their commissions, drank with them, concealed or excused their errors, so that in a short time he became the object of universal affection in the holy office.

It was, above all, to the alcade and the guards of the prisoners that he studied to recommend himself. If the guards were fatigued with their duty, Zamora watched for them, and passed whole nights in their place. He entertained them with accounts of his travels, and of his country, and sometimes a bottle of wine promoted the hilarity of the evening. Still all this was very far from the object upon which his heart was set. Already, thanks to the confidence which he enjoyed, and to his reasons he had got access to the dungeons of upwards of fifty prisoners, but without entering the only one which he wished to behold.—How was he to behold it? Of whom should he enquire? The most indifferent question might occasion his destruction. However he went to his friend the consul, who supported his courage, but was unable to give him any hint of what he

wished to know. The fatiguing restraint of the part which he was thus obliged to play for upwards of four months, and his increasing anxiety, undermined both his health and his spirits, and he would probably have sunk beneath the weight of his afflictions, had not heaven come to his relief.

One morning, as he stood in the gallery with the guards, the major domo brought a note to the alcade. The alcade immediately ordered six of them to take their carbines. This was the usual sign that they were about to conduct a prisoner to the mesa, or board of the holy office. Zamora was going to retire, when the alcade said to him, "Come you also with us; you will behold a quarter that you are yet unacquainted with." These words made him tremble with anxiety. He followed them. The alcade then opened a door, which, till then, Zamora had always seen shut. They ascended to an upper floor and came to a gallery less dark than that below. "This is the quarter of the *Hidalgos*, or the people of qualities," said the alcade. At last they arrived at one chamber; the bars were withdrawn, and the double doors were opened: "you are summoned," said the alcade to the prisoner within. A person then came forth—it was Estevan himself. What a moment to Zamora! Estevan proceeded with his eyes fixed upon the ground; he raised them, and beheld his faithful follower. Zamora, shuddering with terror least some slight gesture might occasion the destruction of both, placed his finger upon his lips. Estevan understood the signal, and went forward without the least emotion. Zamora being thus set at ease, suffered him to proceed with his escort, and availing himself of the confidence he enjoyed in the house, returned, during the absence of Estevan to his dungeon, the door of which was left open. He examined its position, upon what external part of the building the window opened, how many bars secured it, and at what height it stood from the ground. It was over the garden, the elevation about fifty feet. No windows where any dangerous observation could be made, were directed towards this quarter. This was all he wanted to know. He came forth, and nobody observed him. He then descended and waited Estevan's return. After a lapse of about two hours, Estevan returned with the same retinue. Their eyes again met, and much meaning was in the glance.—Being arrived at the door of his dungeon, Estevan entered. The alcade was about to bolt the door, the officious Zamora offered to spare him the trouble, and pretending to employ some force, and drawing close the inner door, he passed his hand through the wicker by which the food of the prisoners is introduced, and let a small billet fall within; then having shut both the doors he retired with the guards and the alcade. Estevan snatched this billet as the palladium of his fate, and read, "*Courage, Patience, Silence, Attention, And, Above, All, Tear After You Read!*" As soon as they descended the stairs the alcade said to Zamora, "He did not recognize you. I observed him attentively. Not the least symptom of emotion escaped him." "It was owing to his passing suddenly from darkness into light," answered Zamora. "And what if he had recognized me in coming hither? I have done my duty, and left him to do his." "That is well said," replied the alcade. "But," says Zamora, "Mr. Alcade, you must be fatigued. A glass of wine and a biscuit will not be unacceptable. Let us ascend to my chamber?" With all my heart. Zamora knew the inquisition was slow in its proceedings. His impatience excited him to action. He resolved to depend upon his own address, upon fortune which had hitherto been so propitious, and upon the favor and protection of heaven, which he humbly hoped would be propitious to innocence. (Continued in our next.)

RELIGIOUS.

From the Churchman.

READING THE BIBLE.

It is much to be feared that the Bible is much less read and studied, of late years, among professors of religion,—in this country, at least,—than it was two or three centuries ago. The grounds for this apprehensions will suggest them-

selves to every observing and reflecting mind. I will cite some of the more obvious.

The vast increase of books and religious periodicals, to the extent they find readers, must have the effect of keeping the Bible on the shelf. There is but a certain share of time, and mental attention, amid the business and employments of life, that can be devoted to reading. We have no reason to doubt, that whole hours are employed in reading, frivolous sometimes in its character and tendency, and always of secondary importance to the Bible. So true do I find this of myself, that it is the first and strongest objection I generally incline to make to purchasing a new book, that it will constrain me to leave, unread, many on my shelves, which I have never read through.

Another cause for neglecting the Scriptures, is the easy access we possess to the inspired volume. A strange reason this,—but familiar, and of every day occurrence, relative to other matters. If a well-attested copy of the book of Jasher were to make its appearance, thousands of professors of religion would buy the pamphlet, at a high price, nor rest quietly till they had read it through, who seem to regard the Bible as made for no other purpose than to furnish texts for sermons.

But the main reason, I apprehend, of the great neglect of the Bible, in our favored land, is the prevalence and spread of liberality—falsely so called—in religion. When preachers dogmatize, and speculate, and philosophize, instead of sealing their propositions with, "Thus saith the Lord," and bringing their views and notions to the gauge-line of "the law and the testimony;"—when religious teachers make their comments upon the Bible, as they would upon Shakespeare, and seek to establish for themselves the character of *great men*, by striking out new readings, and hitherto latent meanings, and a sense different from and opposed to, the apparent one, is it any wonder that whole communities should imbibe that irreverence for the Scriptures, and exhibit that neglect of them, which the conduct and language of their teachers display?

As the Ninevites are said to rise up in judgment, to condemn the unbelieving cities, which repented not under the preaching of Jesus, is there not reason to fear, that those of our ancestors who laid down their lives, rather than part with their Bible, will condemn us for our neglect and contempt of the sacred volume, in the judgment of the great day?

From the Sunday School Journal.

APPROPRIATION OF PROPERTY.

Now that the great head of the Church is opening such an unbounded field to benevolent and missionary efforts, and making so many of his servants willing to go forth to publish the glad tidings of salvation, how very desirable it is that all the energies of the Christian Church should be brought into motion. The particular object I now have in view is to call the attention of Christians possessing property, either in or out of business to their obligation to consecrate that property to the service of Christ: it is a subject of immense importance, nor should I have entered upon it but for the conviction that it is generally too little thought of to be rightly understood. I desire, without offence to any, earnestly to engage the prayerful and conscientious regard of every one to it who has property intrusted to him.

Let it be asked, From whom have I received my property? for what purpose? and am I so using it as that, when the Lord shall say, "Give me an account of thy stewardship," I shall be able to do so without confusion? Rather let it be considered thus; "I am called a servant of Jesus Christ; I often pray that I may live to him, that I may be entirely his if at any time I so apprehend the love of God in Jesus Christ as to be suitably affected by it, and feel that I am not my own, but that I am bought with a price, then let me inquire what the will of the Lord is. One thing is certain, my obligation is always equal to my ability; let this be impressed on every heart." It is the high privilege of the true Christian to possess a motive to the discharge of this extensive obligation, combining with it the most exalted pleasure. This motive is beautifully expressed in 2 Cor. v.

14—"For the love of Christ constraineth us;" and following upon it is the end we should keep in view, "That we should live to him who died for us and rose again." In what is the love of Christ to constrain? In every thing. Are we warranted to plead a single exception? No. The healthful Christian desires not an exception; he knows that his happiness consists in being subject to this law of love to Christ, and he wishes to adjust all his conduct and practice by it. It is a deadly evil to be influenced in our practice of the affairs of business by the views of the world, or while under that excitement too often produced by our intercourse with it, rather than by a conscientious regard to the will of God. What peace and security would follow upon the daily consideration of these questions—Am I influenced by a regard to the glory of God in all my engagements? and is there any thing connected with the management of my affairs contrary to Christian principle?—To be conscientious in every thing is the Christian's security. The blessing of God, with whom are the secret springs of prosperity and adversity—this blessing will crown the devoted Christian. I do not suppose it would be attended with benefit for one Christian to determine for another what he should possess, what he should provide for his family, or what he should contribute to works of benevolence and mercy. No; all that is needful is this,—and it is needful for every Christian, for ministers who possess property more than they really want, as well as for private Christians,—Am I living under the constraining power of a Saviour's love? is my expenditure regulated by it? is the amount of property intrusted to me appropriated by it? do I hold back any sum which I could by some little sacrifice spare, and which, if rightly appropriated, would put in motion an agency which would rescue souls from death? Some one will ask, Do you forbid accumulation? I reply, Yes, unless you are constrained to it by the love of Christ, and a desire thereby to glorify God; it is sin without this. Whoever lulls conscience to sleep and will not try every part of his stewardship by this test—is this according to the will of Christ? such a one can never be a happy Christian.—What is the gratification of self-indulgence, worldly splendor, or covetousness, compared with the peace of God ruling in the heart? When once the idolatry of covetousness is estimated by professing Christians, as it was by the apostle, a new course will be marked out, and instead of contributions to missionary societies being generally confined to sums of £1 to £5, the love of Christ will decide the ability to give and the treasurer of the Lord will be abundantly supplied. May the Author of every holy conviction attend this subject with his blessing!

From the (London) Christian Guardian.

A COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. By the Rev. Moses Stuart, M. A., Associate Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, United States. 8vo. pp. xii. and 401. Fisher; 1834.

The author of this volume is already known in this country by a similar work on the Epistle to the Romans, and by a Hebrew Grammar. In many respects he is highly and deservedly celebrated: we are not insensible to the great importance of criticism on the sacred books; and are glad to see a learned author taking them up one at a time, and devoting years of laborious investigation, as Professor Stuart has done to a single epistle; yet nothing we have hitherto seen tends to shake our conviction that the present authorized version of the Bible is far better than any which could be produced by the collective talent of the learned world as it is now constituted.—We do not mean that there are no passages which might be more clearly and more accurately rendered. The lights of criticism would indeed have shone to little purpose, if after the collation of so many manuscripts and versions, and after the daily and nightly toils of so many learned men, the version of Scripture now in use admitted of no improvement. What we assert is that, taken as a whole our translation is unrivalled. Who can compare even Lowth's admirable version of Isaiah with that in ordinary use, and seriously wish to

see the old translation supplanted by the new? Who can take up Macknight's laborious version of the epistles and think them really improved by their new dress? There is a tameness and insipidity in all modern versions, which is ill compensated for by their occasionally greater accuracy. And we have often felt in reading Lowth, Blayney, Macknight, and others, that on this very point of superior clearness they succeed in the text no better than our early translators, but are entirely indebted for any apparent advantage in this respect to the amplifications contained in their notes or running commentary.

We make these observations for the purpose, not of depreciating the labors of critics, but for that of keeping them in their proper place, that is, in the libraries of students; where they may assist in unfolding the meaning of an obscure passage or of showing the general scope of the sacred writer's argument; while we would by no means wish to precipitate any measures for a re-translation of the sacred volume.

If further proof of our position were wanting, we might easily find it in the work we are reviewing. Would any reader of the Scriptures wish to lay aside the clear, nervous, and simple language in which the epistle to the Hebrews is opened for the following? "God, who in ancient times spake often and in various ways unto the fathers by the prophets hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed *Lord* (*κύριον*) of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; (who being the radiance of his glory, and the exact image of his substance and controlling all things by his own powerful word,) after he had by himself made expiation (*καθάρσιν*) for our sins, sat down at the right hand of majesty on high being exalted as much above the angels as he hath obtained (*ἐκκελεύσθη*) a name more excellent than they."

Now before we offer a remark on the accuracy of this version we request our readers to compare it with the common translation and to say, whether it is not low creeping, and rapid in the extreme. But we have objections of a graver cast. Why is 'Lord' substituted for 'heir' in the second verse, and 'obtained,' for 'obtained by inheritance,' in the fourth? Plainly to favor a peculiar doctrine, at variance with the generally received creed of the orthodox Church. The learned critic does what no mere critic should deem within his province; he translates words not according to their plain grammatical signification, but according to some preconceived opinion of his own; a course which tends greatly to abate his authority as a critic.—Thus also, though without any reference to the particular sentiment alluded to above, he renders the word *καθάρσιν* expiation, which is a commentary upon, rather than a literal translation of the word, and is consequently much less faithful than our own version. The same liberty he takes with *ἀνέμους* in the second chapter, which he also translates, 'he who maketh expiation.' This is not translating but expounding the word of God. Again, he throws the sacred text into apparent confusion, by translating the seventh verse of the first chapter, "Who maketh his angels winds."—*πνύματα*—We could understand why a Socinian should wish to translate a word which properly means spirit or breath, as if it were written *ἀνέμοι*, winds, and then invert the sentence, for the sake of asserting that the winds are God's angels or messengers. But what advantage an orthodox divine could anticipate to his argument from such a version it is not easy to see.—Schleusner indeed gives the same interpretation of this passage as our author; but Schleusner in some instances appears to have been affected by the corrupt atmosphere with which he was surrounded.

We have adduced enough to show that, notwithstanding the general merits of the work, it ought to be read with caution. We must, however go a little more at length into the principal subject on which we deem the writer mistaken.

He appears to be deeply read—perhaps too deeply—in the minute and laborious theology of the German school. Often does he combat with skill and with success their insidious reasonings. He pursues his course of argument and inquiry with patience and caution; but scarcely with the

firmness, the vigor, and the precision of a master-mind. He meets many a little argument with a little answer, and thinks to clear his way by picking up straws, one by one; when, if he had possessed the power and acumen of a Horsley, he would have swept a host of them away by a single brush of his pen. This petty warfare—this weighing and balancing of minute impalpable arguments, gives an appearance of weakness to the cause of truth; and magnifies into importance the puny implements wielded against it by its adversaries. We refer in these remarks, mainly, though not exclusively, to the preliminary dissertation, a great part of which is employed in settling the question respecting the Pauline origin of the epistle.

In studying the neological writers of the continent, though he has evidently done it, with a desire not only to avoid but also to combat their leading errors, we fear he has not entirely escaped the injurious influence of their theological leaven. He lays down indeed some excellent rules for forming our judgment respecting the Divine nature and perfections. He shows that the imperfection of human language renders it impossible for us to speak with any thing approaching to accuracy respecting the Divine subsistence. When we say that God 'is wise, we do not mean that he acquired his wisdom or possesses it, or exercises it, just in the manner that men do.' 'We say God is omnipresent. But we do not mean that he is present every where in the same manner as human beings are present, at any particular place; we do not mean that he is *physically* diffused through the universe. We mean, that at the same instant he can act, and does act any where, or every where.' 'We say, God is mighty; but when we speak of *might* in him, we do not associate with it the idea of firm sinew, of vigorous muscle, of robust body, of mature age, of perfect health; all of which enter into our apprehensions of consummate strength in man. We content ourselves with one simple point of analogy. God has power to do whatever he desires to do, or he is Almighty.' 'The imperfection of language obliges us to make use of words in this way. But who that has any reflection will say that the words which we apply to God are used *entirely* in the same sense which belongs to them when they are applied to men.'

From these premises he infers that 'all our language, when used to describe God, must be considered rather as analogical only, than as capable of being simply applied to him in its *usual* sense; and he well applies this mode of reasoning to the use of the word *person*, in speaking of the Trinity which is not intended to convey the exact idea ordinarily appropriated to the term in its application to men, but such an approximation to it, as the case admits or requires.

This reasoning, which appears to us satisfactory we shall bring in opposition to a view taken by our author, of what is styled the eternal filiation of the second person of the Trinity. He contends, with the late Dr. Adam Clarke, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, not in his *divine* but only in his *human* nature. 'Here (says our author, quoting Chrysostom,) the generation of the divine substance of the Son is asserted: but as the idea of self-existence, existence uncaused, and independent, enters *essentially* into all our conceptions respecting a nature *truly* divine, and is a *sine qua non* in all our apprehensions of a *Creator*, it is difficult for us to concede that the Father can be the cause of the Son in his *divine* nature, without of course admitting that the Son as *divine*, must be a *dependent* being.' Yes, truly, if we forget with the author, his own rule of applying human language to Deity, but not otherwise. For if we suppose the word *Son* to be used only in the analogical sense, for which our author contends, it implies relation, but not necessarily inferiority. If the word *cause* be in a similar way qualified, as undoubtedly it must, then *dependence* does not necessarily follow. And it is more obvious that terms are used in this analogical and qualified sense, in reference to the doctrine of the eternal generation of the Son, than in any of those cases which our writer so well illustrates. We have dwelt at greater length on this point, because we deem it of importance to resist the beginnings of evil, and also because it enables us to account

for Mr. Stuart's method of translating the verses we have quoted. He does not call Christ the *heir* of all things, for this would imply *sonship*; he will not say that he hath obtained by *inheritance*, a more excellent name than the angels, because this would show that the title of Son was his divine birthright. We therefore go no further than these verses for the refutation of his reasoning against the generally received doctrine of the Church.

In delivering an opinion on any work, especially a work of immense labor like the present, it is important to keep in view the author's avowed design and end. This we have endeavored to do, and cannot conceal our conviction that he has not accomplished what might with reason have been expected from him. There are two methods of translating, one free, yet forcible, the other close and literal; and a third may be supposed, which shall attempt a combination of the excellencies, and a removal of the defects of both.

The first method will produce a more agreeable book than either of the others; and will often really convey the meaning of the original more fully and more correctly to the mind of the reader. Yet it is scarcely admissible in the translation of the sacred Scriptures, for this plain reason; because it supposes the translator a perfect master of the meaning of the original, which is in no instance true. The second method is that to which the mere critic (except where the known idiom of language requires otherwise) should in our judgment adhere. For he thus puts the original words as nearly as possible, before his reader, who is thus enabled to form his own opinion of the doctrine contained.

Perhaps we never shall see another version of the Scriptures, which so happily combines the two methods as our authorized version; and this is the reason why every other translation appears so rapid and tasteless in comparison with it.

Some quotations already made, show how defective the version of Professor Stuart is in *closeness*, and yet we look in vain for the only compensation for such a defect in energetic diction and spirited representation of the sentiments of the original. Let the following specimens be added to the number:—"We see Jesus, who was made but little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor on account of the sufferings of death, when by the grace of God he had tasted death for all. It became him also for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, to bestow, on account of sufferings, the highest honors upon him who is the captain of their salvation, leading many sons to glory." Again:—"But admonish one another continually while it is called to-day, so that no one of you may be come hardened by sinful delusion. For we shall be made partakers of the blessings which Christ bestows, provided we hold fast even to the end our first confidence." Once more how is that vigorous passage in the fourth chapter, verse 12, martyred by the following rendering: "The threatening (*λογος*) of God hath an active and mighty power, yea, it is sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of both life and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; he also judgeth the thoughts and purposes of the heart." If these extracts do not make the sincere lover of divine truth contented with and thankful for his own Bible, we are greatly mistaken in the judgment we have formed respecting them.

To sum up these observations; if the writer intended to give a free and energetic version of the epistle he has failed; if he meant to make a faithful and accurate translation, he has failed in that also; if he endeavored to comprise the advantages of the two, we should rather say he has combined their defects. If he wrote as a mere critic to give the simple meaning of words and sentences we cannot think he has succeeded. If in the higher character of a theologian he would exhibit the spirit and the doctrine of the original, he falls far beneath Owen, though he avoids the verbosity of that distinguished writer's style, and the occasional irrelevance of the topics introduced into his commentary.

Yet there is much to approve in this work.—The Professor has paid close attention to the general structure of the Apostle's argument and giv-

on a good analysis of the whole. Many of the notes are valuable additions to the continually accumulating stores of Biblical criticism; and the cautious student who is well grounded in the general principles of sound theology may find much which will repay an attentive perusal.

After all that the application of talent and of literature has effected in elucidating the New Testament, there is a kind of criticism which we still deem a desideratum in this sacred field of inquiry. We are altogether dissatisfied with the rank which German theologians are deemed to hold by many who reject their impieties, but admire the depth of their researches and the acuteness of their criticism. Believing, if we may judge from the specimens we have seen, that those writers have done more mischief by their daring and unsanctified perversions of the sacred text than they have done good by their ponderous erudition we cannot too earnestly deprecate any extensive introduction of their commentaries into our own schools of theology. Whatever knowledge might be acquired by the study of them the true genius and spirit of the Scriptures would be tampered with and sacrificed: and that devotional feeling which the simple reading of the word of God produces on the mind, would be superseded by a cold, captious, questioning spirit which too often we fear, expels the life and spirituality of religion from the heart.

What we want in order to the right elucidation of the sacred volume is the deep learning of men of sanctified hearts; of men thoroughly imbued with the pure elevated devotional sentiments which pervade the Scriptures. Piety and learning have been too much separated in the criticism of the word of God. Let the literature which is brought to bear upon the meaning of words and phrases, be imbued with the ardor of devotion; and then without over-burdening a commentary designed for the critical explanation of the oracles of God, with lengthened remarks approaching to sermonizing, the light of grace will sparkle through the interstices of criticism, and will render it at once more lucid and more edifying. It is a mistake to suppose that any can enter into the import of the words of Scripture, without partaking of its spirit. And therefore criticism fails of its own ends when it is severed from an inspiring and fervent piety.

Nor do we at all despair of a class of critics of this high order, being formed in our English Universities. We have indulged the hope, that the Regius Greek Professor of Cambridge might become, if not himself the best interpreter of the whole New Testament, (a work for which scarcely any one life is adequate) at least the founder of a school of theological critics, who should combine the learning of the industrious Germans, with the piety of Leighton, of Owen and of Scott. If a word from us could reach his ears, we would say, he has devoted a sufficient portion of his life to Sophocles, Euripides, *et id genus omne*, let him now bring the gathered literary treasures of his early life, and pour with an unsparing hand into the treasury of God; let him devote the rest of his years (and may they be many) to the sacred work of making heathen literature subservient to the illustration of that book, in which are contained the words of everlasting life; and though he may never meet with that reward from men, which his invaluable services might justly claim: he will, doubtless be honored of God, and his labors prove eminently useful and honorable in the Church of the living God, long, very long, after his earthly labors have ceased, and he has entered into rest.

For the Gambier Observer.

"AWFUL CALCULATION"

MR. EDITOR,—You will perhaps recollect that you in common with many other Editors, admitted into your paper some time since an article with the above title. The calculation was said to be on the best authority &c.; and its substance was, that since the curse 'Thou shalt die' began to be inflicted the number of human beings that had actually died, has caused the whole surface of the earth to be dug over one hundred times to find them graves.

This calculation has since been repeated in the village where I reside at a funeral by the minister

of one of the denominations, to show in a striking manner the mortality of man.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Editor, a few moments' thought is sufficient to convince one that such a statement is most grossly extravagant. It is not less than *ten thousand fold* too great. Should the calculation be carried on with strict accuracy the error would be vastly greater, but making every possible allowance and regarding only whole numbers it will be seen that the truth has been in this instance magnified at least *ten thousand fold*. A 'calculation' containing such an error is rightly named an 'awful' one.

This is easily seen. I will send enough of the outlines to enable any of your readers who are so disposed, to make the calculation without reference to books.

Surface of the earth	197,558,500 square miles
One square mile	39,878,400 square feet
This divided by 12,	2,323,200 graves.

The number of graves on earth, can therefore be easily found—this includes land and water—divided by 4, and the number on land will be had—multiply this by 100 and compare the whole with the number of men that have ever lived and died.

The utmost that can possibly be made of this, is the number that now die annually multiplied by 5834, and this annual number—20,000,000 about.

This is of course *very much*, perhaps nearly one-half above the truth—and yet it will be found that in round numbers the whole is but *one thousandth part* of the above calculation. The calculation made long since that all the men that ever lived could stand, without incommencing each other, on the Island of Great Britain, each occupying six square feet is much nearer the truth—indeed it is *very near*. They would thus situated, occupy less than 40,000 square miles,—the size of some of the States.

G.

For the Gambier Observer.

FILIAL PIETY.

A pious young man, who was desirous of devoting himself to the work of the ministry among the heathen, and had been recommended with that view to the Committee of the London Missionary Society, on undergoing the usual examination, stated that he had one difficulty: he had an aged mother entirely dependent upon an elder brother and himself for maintenance, and in case of that brother's death, he should wish to be at liberty to return, if his mother was still living, to contribute to her support. Scarcely had he made this ingenuous statement, when a harsh voice exclaimed, "If you love your mother more than the Lord Jesus Christ, you will not do for us."—"Abashed and confounded the young man was silent. Some murmurs escaped the committee; and he was directed to retire while his proposal was taken into consideration. On his being again sent for, the venerable chairman (Dr. Waugh) in tones of unaffected kindness, and with a patriarchal benignity of mien, acquainted him that the committee did not feel themselves authorized to accept of his services on a condition involving uncertainty as to the term, but immediately added, "We think none the worse of you, my good lad, for your dutiful regard to your aged parent. You are but acting in conformity to the example of Him whose gospel you wished to proclaim among the heathen; who as he hung upon the cross in dying agonies, beholding his mother and the beloved disciple standing by, said to the one, 'Woman behold thy son;' and to John, 'Behold thy mother.' My good lad we think none the worse of you.—*Dr. Waugh's Life.*

REPENTANCE.

"A man, who is now a minister of the Gospel, gave me the following account. I tell it to you in order to show you what repentance is. 'I had once the kindest and best of fathers; and when I was a little white-headed boy about six years old, he used to carry me to school before him on his horse, to help me in my little plans, and always seemed trying to make me happy; and he never seemed so much so himself, as when making me happy. When I was six years old, he came home one day, very sick. My mother, too, was sick, and thus nobody but my two sisters could take care of my father. In a few days he was worse, very sick,

and all the physicians in the region were called in to see him. The next Sabbath morning early, he was evidently much worse. As I went into his room he stretched out his hand to me and said, 'My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand, and run to Mr. C's, and get me the medicine written on that paper.—I took the paper and went to the apothecary's shop, as I had often done before. It was about half a mile off; but when I got there, I found it shut, and as Mr. C. lived a quarter of a mile further off, I concluded not to go to find him. I then set out for home. On my way back I contrived what to say. I knew how wicked it was to tell a lie, but one sin always leads to another. On going into my father, I saw that he was in great pain; and though pale and weak, I could see great drops of sweat standing on his forehead, forced out by the pain. O then I was sorry I had not gone and found the apothecary. At length he said to me, 'My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain.' I hung my head and muttered, for my conscience smote me, 'No sir, Mr. Carter says he has got none!' 'Has got none! Is this possible?' He then cast a keen eye upon me, and seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said, in the mildest, kindest tone, 'My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine!' I went out of the room, and alone, and cried. I was soon called back.—My brothers had come, and were standing,—all the children were standing round his bed, and he was committing my poor mother to their care and giving them his last advice. I was the youngest, and when he laid his hand on my head and told me 'that in a few hours I should have no father; that he would in a day or two be buried up;—that I must now make God my father love him, obey him, and always do right and *speaking the truth*, because the eye of God is always upon me—it seemed as if I should sink; and when he laid his hand upon my head again and prayed for the blessing of God the Redeemer to rest upon me, 'soon to be a fatherless orphan,' I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty. Sobbing, I rushed from his bed-side, and thought I wished I could die. They soon told me he could not speak. O how much would I have given to go in and tell him that I had told a lie, and ask him once more to lay his hand on my head and forgive me! I crept in once more and heard the minister pray for 'the dying man.' O how my heart ached. I snatched my hat and ran to the apothecary's house and got the medicine. I ran home with all my might, and ran in, and ran up to my father's bed-side to confess my sin, crying out, 'O here father'—but I was hushed; and I then saw that he was pale, and that all in the room were weeping. *My dear father was dead!* And the last thing I ever spake to him was *to tell a lie!* I sobbed as if my heart would break; for his kindnesses, his tender looks and my own sin, all rushed upon my own mind. And as I gazed upon his cold, pale face, and saw his eyes shut, and his lips closed, could I help thinking of his last words; 'My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine;' I could not know but he died for the want of it.

"In the day or two he was put into the ground and buried up. There were several ministers at the funeral, and each spoke kindly to me, but could not comfort me. Alas! they knew not what a load of sorrow lay on my heart. They could not comfort me. My father was buried, and the children all scattered abroad, for my mother was too feeble to take care of them.

"It was twelve years after this, while in college, that I went alone to the grave of my father. It took me a good while to find it; but there it was, with its humble tomb-stone, and as I stood over it, I seemed to be back at his bed-side, to see his pale face, and hear his voice. Oh! the—thought of that sin and wickedness cut me to the heart. It seemed as if worlds would not be too much to give could I then only have called loud enough to have him hear me ask his forgiveness. But it was too late. He had been in the grave twelve years, and I must live and die, weeping over that ungrateful falsehood. May God forgive me."—*Rev. J. Todd's Lecture to Children.*

GAMBIER OBSERVER.

GAMBIER, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1834.

KENYON COLLEGE.—The annual Commencement of this Institution will take place on *Wednesday the 6th day of August next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.*

On the day previous, the exercises of the Philomathesian and Nu Pi Kappa Societies will be attended. They will be concluded by an oration from **SALMON P. CHASE, Esq.** of Cincinnati.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION OF GAMBIER will hold its anniversary in the College Chapel on *Saturday the 2nd of August, at 3 o'clock, P. M.* Parents, Teachers, Children, and all interested in the progress of the Sunday School cause are respectfully invited to attend.

The Annual meeting of the *Temperance Society of Kenyon College and Vicinity* will take place in the College Chapel on *Saturday the 19th inst. at half past seven o'clock*, when beside the annual report, several addresses may be expected.

A prompt and general attendance of citizens and students is respectfully solicited.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN RHODE ISLAND.—The journal of the late Convention of this Diocese, with which we have been recently favored, furnishes a very pleasing account of its prosperity. In a field of narrow limits, and chiefly preoccupied by other communions, a little band of laborers have gone forth to cultivate the waste places, to glean the scattered ears of the harvest, or seek the fruits of spiritual culture from a soil which others had tilled in vain. Under these circumstances their work of faith has not been fruitless. He that giveth the increase has not withheld the dew of his blessing. In all the thirteen parishes reported, some additions seem to have been made to the communion—and in five of them we find the number to have been about two hundred. We notice an unusually large proportion of adult baptisms. In nine parishes, where the numbers are given, they amount to one hundred and fifty-four. These results may be attributed chiefly to the zeal and faithful activity of the clergy. But it is zeal acting harmoniously and in concert. The clergy are associated together in a convocation, which embraces the whole diocese, and which exercises a care over every part. A member of the association is not left to labor alone, and defend as he may, (how great soever its dangers and wants) his own little flock, but his brethren are ready to lend him their aid, and whatever portion of their field of labor promises the largest results, or most needs moral culture, to this their attention is directed. In this way more is accomplished, than would be, by the same amount of labor bestowed without concert, or reference to the benefit of the whole.

We have penned these remarks to draw the attention of the clergymen of this diocese to the subject, believing that it would often be practicable to adopt the practice of Rhode-Island with advantage here. In some sections much might be done by forming associations, which should embrace a limited field in which the members should perform missionary duty on some concerted plan, and, where opportunities presented, might organize parishes, and render aid to those which were weak and destitute. We wish the subject might receive the consideration which it seems to us to merit.

THE BOSTON RECORDER has been transferred to the editorial charge of the **Rev. JOSEPH TRACY**, late senior editor of the *Vermont Chronicle*. Several other gentlemen of piety and talent are pledged to aid Mr. Tracy, himself a host, in his editorial duties. These arrangements show that the good people of Massachusetts realize the importance of having an ably conducted religious newspaper.

VIRGINIA CONVENTION.—We find the following interesting description of the services at Staunton on Trinity Sunday, in an appendix to the *Journal of the Virginia Convention*.—*Churchman*.

On the morning of Trinity Sunday, May 25th, at 6 o'clock, the rite of confirmation was administered to 38 persons. This solemn service was rendered more than usually impressive, by the appearance of those who knelt round the family altar. There were those whose hair was whitened by the frost of many winters, approaching with feeble steps, to make a public profession of their faith in the Redeemer of men; and there were the young taking up their cross "to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." The address of the Bishop, exhorting them to holiness of heart and life, and appealing to the sufferings and sorrows which the church has endured in years that are past, from the misconduct of its members, was deeply felt.

Services recommenced at 9 o'clock. After an ordination sermon by the **Rev. Thomas Jackson**, of Richmond, the office of Deacon was conferred upon Messrs. Slaughter and

Clark, and that of Priest upon the **Rev. William G. Jackson**, Rector of Trinity Church Staunton. The address to the candidates assumed an unusual interest from the attending circumstances. Sustaining the parental relation to him who was to be elevated to the Order of Priesthood, and oppressed with the feebleness of sickness, the speaker gave him charge with the earnestness of one impressed with the belief that he had almost "finished the work which had been given him to do," and with the minuteness, fidelity, and zeal of parental love, anxious to point out the course which he had so long trodden, and whose termination he had, apparently, so nearly reached. The communion was afterward administered to about 180 persons.

In the afternoon there was service and a sermon preached by the **Rev. H. W. Ducachat**.

At night there was again service, and a sermon by the **Rev. N. H. Cobbs**, upon the subject of *ETERNITY*—"The end of all things is at hand." The deep interest of that subject at such a time; the parting address of the Bishop, flowing from the spontaneous feelings of the moment, the affecting solemnity of the occasion, combined to produce an impression through the assembly better conceived than described. With the privilege of contemplating eternity as our unfading inheritance, and death as the passport to a glorious immortality, the sadness of parting was chastened by anticipations of the future. Like the pious Israelite returning from the celebration of his national festival to his home, we felt as we turned away our steps, that "the joy of the Lord is our strength."

St. Augustine.—On Thursday the 5th of June, the **Rt. Rev. Dr. Bowen**, visiting St. Augustine, East-Florida, consecrated the Church recently erected there, for the use of Protestant Episcopalians, by the name of Trinity Church. Morning Prayer was read by the **Rev. Mr. Neufville** of Christ Church, Savannah, and the sentence of consecration by the **Rev. Mr. Brown**, the Minister of the Church, and Missionary at St. Augustine, from the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The sermon was by the Bishop; after which he administered the rite of Confirmation to about twenty persons. The notice of these services had not been such as to reach, in season, the members of the Church, residing in the country; yet the congregation assembled on the occasion was numerous; and a lively interest seemed to be taken in what was done.—The Ministry of Mr. Brown at St. Augustine, has been, in a very happy degree useful and honored.—(*Charleston S. C. Gospel Messenger*).

From the Churchman.

The annual meeting of the Trustees of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, was held in this city the last week. There were present, Bishops Brownell, of Connecticut; Onderdonk, of Pennsylvania; Onderdonk, of New-York, and Doane, of New-Jersey; and clerical and lay trustees from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. The proceedings of the meeting are ordered to be published, and will soon be before the Church. The annual examination of the students was held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and was well calculated to give confirmation to the growing conviction throughout the Church, of the great value and importance, to the best interests of man, of this rapidly increasing school of the prophets.

The Commencement was held in St. John's Chapel on Friday, and its exercises conducted in the following order:—

Introductory prayers.

Singing—100th Psalm, with Doxology.

A dissertation "On the importance of Biblical science in pastoral instruction."—By **Nathaniel E. Cornwall**, A. B., of Connecticut.

A dissertation—"How far was Christianity indebted to Constantine for its establishment?"—By **Edmund Embury**, A. M., of New-York.

A dissertation—"Excellence and reasonableness of Christianity proofs of its divine origin."—By **Robert L. Goldsborough**, of Maryland.

A dissertation on "The causes of success in the early propagation of Christianity."—By **Henry Lockwood**, of New-York.

A dissertation on "The nature and value of the internal evidence of revelation."—By **Edward N. Mead**, A. M., of New-York.

Singing—An Anthem.

A dissertation—"There is no analogy between the spread of Christianity and Mohammedanism."—By **John F. Messenger**, of New-York.

A dissertation—"The things that edify the Christian minister's best weapons."—By **Nathan Watson Monroe**, A. B., of Massachusetts.

A dissertation on "The fulness of time."—By **William Wallace Spear**, A. B., of North Carolina.

A dissertation on "Different degrees of future glory."—By **Henry Tullidge**, A. B., of New-York.

A dissertation on "The agency of the Holy Spirit."—By **Marshall Whiting**, A. M., of New-York.

N. B. Peter S. Chauncey, A. B., of New-York, and Augustus F. Lyde, A. M., of New-York, have been excused from reading dissertations, in consequence of indisposition.

Presentation of the candidates for degrees.

Address by the **Right Rev. George W. Doane**, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of New-Jersey.

Testimonials given.

Singing—Hymn 103, with the Doxology.

Concluding prayers.

During the same week was held, in this city, the annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union. A public meeting in behalf of the Union was held at St. Thomas's Church on Friday evening, when the report of the Executive Committee was read; and addresses were delivered by the **Right Rev. George W. Doane**, D. D. of New-Jersey; the **Rev. Daniel Cobia**, of South Carolina; and the **Rev. Jackson Kemper**, D. D.,

of Connecticut. The interest of the occasion was much increased by a few well-selected pieces sung by Sunday School children,—a happy specimen of the success attending the laudable efforts now making in this city under the direction of Mr. Dingley, to fit Sunday scholars for taking an active part in the music of the sanctuary.

On Sunday evening last, in Christ Church, the annual sermon before the board of Managers, was preached by the **Rev. William D. Cairns** of New-York; the prayers having been read by the **Rev. Theodore F. Bartow**, of Georgia.

On Saturday, June 28, the Mission Church of the Epiphany in Stanton-street, in this city, the second station of the New-York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, was consecrated by the Bishop of this Diocese. Morning prayer was read by the **Rev. John McVickar**, D. D., Professor in Columbia College, assisted by the **Rev. Hugh Smith**, of the Mission Church of the Holy Evangelist, who read the lessons. There were also present, and assisting in the solemnities, the **Rt. Rev. Bishops Brownell**, of Connecticut; and **Onderdonk**, of Pennsylvania; the former of whom read the ante communion service, and the latter preached. It is a coincidence not without interest, that in the absence of the bishop of this Diocese, Bishop Moore, of Virginia, a native of the city, then on a visit here, laid the corner-stone of this church; and that a Bishop of another Diocese, also a native of the city, should have been here in proper season for preaching the consecration sermon.

On the fifth Sunday after Trinity, June 29, in St. Thomas' Church in this city, the **Right Rev. Bishop Brownell**, of Connecticut, admitted to the holy Order of Deacons; **Nathaniel E. Cornwall**, A. B., and **Augustus F. Lyde**, A. B., of that Diocese; and the Bishop of this Diocese admitted to the same order the following gentlemen belonging to New-York: **Peter S. Chauncey**, A. B., **Edmund Embury**, A. B., **Henry Lockwood**, **Edward N. Mead**, A. M., **John F. Messenger**, **Nathan W. Munroe**, A. B., **Henry Tullidge**, A. B., and **Marshall Whiting**, A. M.; also **Robert L. Goldsborough**, of Maryland, at the request and on the behalf of the Bishop of that Diocese.

The above gentleman had all, on the preceding Friday, at the Commencement of the Theological Seminary, taken the honors of that institution, and been enrolled among its Alumni.

The **Rev. John Dowdney**, Deacon, also an alumnus of the Seminary, was, at the same time, admitted to the Order of Priests by Bishop Onderdonk.

The Morning Prayer on this deeply interesting occasion, probably the largest ordination ever held in this country, was read by the **Rev. William C. Mead**, D. D., of Pennsylvania, assisted by the **Rev. Bird Wilson**, D. D., of the General Theological Seminary, who read the lessons. The candidates for the diaconate were presented by the **Rev. Samuel H. Turner**, D. D., of the Seminary; and the candidate for the priesthood, by the **Rev. Thomas Lyell**, D. D., of New-York. The sermon was preached by Bishop Brownell.

ASSOCIATE ALUMNI OF THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The annual sermon before the Association was preached in St. John's Chapel, on Wednesday evening, June 25th, by the **Rev. Wm. L. Johnson**, after evening service conducted by the **Rev. John M. Guion**.

After the exercises, the Association met, when a committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency of addressing, year by year, a circular letter from the Association to the absent members, and to report at the next meeting.

The association then adjourned to meet at St. Peter's Chapel, on Thursday, at 10, A. M.

The Association met pursuant to adjournment on Thursday morning. Letters were read from some of the absent members, expressing a deep interest in the success of the Association and enclosing contributions to its funds.

The Constitution was amended, so as to provide for the appointment of a corresponding secretary.

The Association has supported a scholar in the Seminary, during the past year. The incumbent produced testimonials highly satisfactory from the **Rev. Professor Turner**, and signed the pledge "to remain the full term of three years in the Seminary, and to prosecute the entire course of study with diligence."

The sum of \$150 was appropriated to the support of the scholar during the next Seminary year.

The officers, &c., for the ensuing year were then elected.

Rev. Samuel R. Johnson, President.

William Shelton, 1st Vice-President.

Paul Trapiar, 2d Vice-President.

Edward Ballard, 3d Vice-President.

Edward Y. Buchanan, 4th Vice-President.

Rev. Benjamin Holmes,

Alexander H. Crosby,

Aldert Smedes,

George Shelton,

Rev. William L. Johnson, Treasurer.

Rev. John M. Guion, Corresponding Secretary.

Rev. Robert B. Van Kleeck, Recording Secretary.

The **Rev. John M. Guion**, Rector of Grace Church, Saybrook, Conn., was chosen to preach the sermon at the next anniversary, and the **Rev. Wm. Linn Keese**, Assistant Minister of Trinity Church and St. Paul's Chapel, New-Haven, Conn., the substitute.

The **Rev. William Lucas** was chosen to read the essay, and the **Rev. Edward Ballard**, the substitute.—*Churchman*.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, London.—Annual meeting of this society was held in London on the 4th ult. The following is an account of its operations:

"The Report gave an account of the progress and present state of the Society's missions in Ireland; on the Continent of Europe; the Mediterranean Sea; Continental India; Ceylon; the South Sea Islands; Africa; the West Indies; and British

America; from nearly the whole of which, the accounts were very encouraging. The whole number of Missionary Stations was stated 166; comprising 45,786 members; being an increase of 1,907 during the year. There were also 27,676 children in the Mission Schools. The Society's income amounted to \$217,000 for the year. The report concluded by stating the great want of missionaries that was felt in many parts of the world, particularly men of eminent piety and great prudence and experience; and with expressing the hope that some of the Senior Ministers in the connection would feel it to be their duty to sacrifice the comforts of home, and devote themselves to the work of foreign Missions."—*Jour. & Tel.*

BRITISH SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The anniversary meeting of this Institution was held in Exeter Hall on Thursday evening last. After a brief detail of the operations of the Society in Denmark, Malta, Corfu, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, America, West Indies, and the mission in various parts of England, the following summary of the returns of Sunday Schools was given:—in the four London Auxiliaries, 528 schools, 7,216 teachers, 76,554 scholars; Great Britain 7,479 schools, 108,486 teachers, 913,184 scholars:—not in connection with the Union—the Sunday School Society for Ireland, 2,746 schools, 20,150 teachers, 210,135 scholars; the London Hibernian Society's Schools, 973 schools, 135,858 teachers, 1,227,515 scholars; being an increase since the last year of 441 schools, 7,074 teachers, and 69,150 scholars. The income of the Society during the past year had been 7,470l. 14s. being an increase over the year preceding of 103l. 14s. 11d.—*Friend.*

LETTER OF THE REV. J. T. FINNEY.

"*Monrovia, May 1st 1834.*—DEAR BROTHER SWIFT.—How shall I write the afflicting intelligence? Oh how will you and the friends of Zion mourn. Brother Cloud is gone to rest from his labors! His death was sudden and to us all afflicting. But alas! how much more the present state of our mission.—I arrived this morning from Bassa, where business had called me, for the short space of one week; and find Brother and Sister Laird given over by the physician! The letters which Brother L. wrote you concerning the death of Brother Cloud, (I was then too feeble to write,) I doubt not, informed you that he was carried off by the dysentery, which attacked him while absent at Cape Mount.

The attention he received from Brother Laird, during his illness was unremitting, and the physician is of opinion that he caught the disease from him. He was even, before the death of Brother C., thrown into a fever by his efforts. The attack was, however, light, and little danger was apprehended.—Sister L. was comparatively well. The day that I was to leave for Bassa, I visited them before breakfast. Brother L. observed that it was the seventh day of his attack, and that, though weak, he felt that his attack was tempered with great mercy; as being far lighter than two previous ones—charged me to be careful of my health—remarked that he expected to recover quickly—and proposed writing an obituary or short notice of Brother Cloud's death. Sister L. was up as usual: invited me to remain and take breakfast, and expressed a fear lest I should return from Bassa, as Mr. Cloud had done from C. Mount—sick. But oh, how little can we understand what a day may bring forth. The very day of my departure, Sister L. was attacked with a severe fever, and was speedily deranged in mind. The next day Brother L. seized with a diarrhoea, which the third day was succeeded by the dysentery; and he is now wasted to a skeleton and scarcely breathes. The first day of his dysentery, he wrote a short Will, a copy of which I enclose. His wife, though quite weak, insisted upon setting up with him on the sofa, until, exhausted by bodily and mental labors, she lay down, and scarcely has any lucid intervals; and the physician apprehends her speedy dissolution! She observed, on the day that Brother L. made his Will, that they had promised to die together: and I greatly fear the prediction will be true. I am exalted, and have not even been to the agency house since landing, but can scarcely prevail upon myself to leave them long enough to rest. My situation is indeed a trying one! My heart sinks within me as I look upon their emaciated forms, and view them dropping into the grave. Am I then to work alone? Does God see it best to give me no dear friend to labor with me? It cannot—must not be. Surely if these are taken, others will rise to enter in to their labors. I am distressed and my heart mourns. The peculiar mildness and amiableness of Brother L. had endeared him to me in no common degree; and I felt to be a missionary with him was to be blest. The personal loss is deeply felt; but my anxious heart turns to the churches, and almost trembles at what may be the effect there. Oh! will Zion tremble at her work, and the mothers in Israel no more grow weary of her work, and the mothers in Israel no more dedicate their offspring to God's cause here! Will these be looked upon as a vain offering? No, no. The heathen around cry for help from their pit of ignorance, and sin, and surely God will send salvation by other instruments.

Friday Morning, 2d May.—The suffering pair still exist—yet breathe. Blessed be God, that I am permitted one more day of attendance upon Brother L. He seldom speaks, though evidently conscious of all that passes. The constant moanings and delirious talk of Mrs. L. were so full of horror to him that she was this morning removed to another room. Her thoughts are full of anxious concern about her husband—she is full of delirium and wildness. The nurse tells me that but all is delirium and wildness. The nurse tells me that yesterday morning she arose from her bed and went to embrace Brother L. Her distress was unspeakable; and finally, she exclaimed: "yes you may go before me a little while, but I will soon follow."

Brother L. enjoys evidently the comforts of faith and hope. Yesterday morning, before I came in, he sang with considerable strength of voice,

"Come ye sinners poor and needy."

And— "Come humble sinner in whose breast."

In the afternoon, I sang a hymn expressive of confidence; he raised his hands often, expressive of concurrence in the sentiment. He then requested me to sing,

"Farewell, farewell, farewell, dear friends, I must be gone, I here no longer stay with you," &c.,

And at every chorus joined with much more strength than I supposed him to possess:

"Farewell, farewell, my loving friends, farewell."

I inquired, if he had any word or presents to send to American friends. His reply agreed with all he had ever said—"No it all belongs to God and the mission. I remarked, that tokens of remembrance thus sent might excite others to supply his place, and do more good than if left with the mission. He made no reply. I then inquired if he had any request to make. "My Harriet—I charge you to be kind to her while she lives, when I am gone." Yes, dear Brother, she shall have every attention a kind brother can bestow. She needs peculiar kindness, and then she is peculiarly kind. He is much engaged in prayer; and I do sometimes hope even against hope, that God will say *live*. Oh how desirous I was of freedom, to be with him all the time; but Mr. Kinsley, whom we all rejoice to hear had been pointed agent, and whom we have daily expected for the last two months, has not yet arrived; and the combined effect of fatigue and anxiety, has almost made me sick again. May God enable me to hold out until the event is decided as to life or death.

May 10th.—The Captain of the Argus waits to get my letter. In this hurry, dear Brother, let these black lines be my interpreter. Both are at rest, I trust in Abraham's bosom. O my throbbing heart he still!

"Tis but the voice that Jesus sends

"To call them to his arms.

I need not ask you to weep; I know your kind heart will almost be broken to see the hopes which budded so fairly all blasted. O! Brother Swift, language will feebly express my suffering for the few last days. Sister L. died on the 3d—Brother L. on the 4th instant. I was with him whenever health allowed, after my return. But they faded away like snow before the sun. The fatal disease worked its silent but perceptible way, without a check. They are gone from us! O for grace from a gracious God to submit without murmuring, and say, thy will be done. Their death makes me more anxious than ever before, to escape from my present oppressive duties which do not allow even time for grief, and enter fully upon the great work to which your attention is directed, of beginning a mission station."—*Pittsburgh Christian Herald.*

The June number of the American Baptist Magazine is occupied by the last report of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions. The Burman mission is now supplied as follows. *Rangoon*, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, one native pastor and three native assistants. *Maulmein*, Mr. Judson, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Simons, Mr. Mrs. Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, and eight native assistants. Their four presses printed upwards of sixty millions of pages. from March 15, 1832, to July 1, 1833. *Tavoy*, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Boardman, and two native assistants. *Mergui*, native pastor and assistant. *Chamreai*, one female teacher and three native assistants. *Ava*, Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid, Mr. and Mrs. Cutter, and two assistants. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are stationed at Bangkok, in Siam, and Messrs. Porchat and Willmarth in France. The board have several stations among the Indians on both sides of the Mississippi.

"*Summary.*—It appears that the Board has 21 missionary stations, connected with which are about 90 laborers, either as missionaries or assistants. The number of Churches is 14, which include at least 1300 members. The number known to have been baptized the past year at the different stations, exceeds 200."

The receipts of the year were \$93,000, including \$7,500 from the American Bible, and \$4000 from the American Tract Society.—*S. S. Journal.*

MARRIED,

In Mount Vernon on the 14th inst. by the Rev. William Sparrow, COLUMBUS DELANO, Esq. to Miss ELIZABETH LEAVENWORTH.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Earthquake.—Captain Spencer, of the brig Madeira, at New York, 16 days from Rio Hacha, New Granada, brings intelligence, says the Journal of Commerce, of a severe earthquake, or series of earthquakes, at Santa Martha, on the 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th, which destroyed the principal edifices, and materially injured the whole city.

The first and most severe shock lasted about 45 seconds, and was followed in about 5 minutes by another of nearly equal severity and duration. In the course of that and the next 4 days, no less than sixty shocks were experienced; and at the latest accounts they had not ceased.

The earth opened in many places to the width of sixty inches; and warm sulphurous water was thrown forth.

No lives were lost—which is to be attributed to the fact that the first and most severe shock took place while the inhabitants were in their houses; as the falling of the tiles, &c. would most probably have caused the death of great numbers, had they been in the street at the time. Several persons however were severely injured.

The city was completely deserted at the latest accounts, the citizens having removed into the country, with the exception of a few persons who were living in tents on the beach.

In Switzerland there are at the present time ninety-three printing offices, and fifty-four public journals. The increase of the latter within the last four years is remarkable, being no less than twenty-five.

Union College.—The number of students in this institution at the present time, is 232, as follows: Senior 66, Juniors 84, Sophomores 48, Freshmen 33.

The Legislature of Connecticut has been liberal in its grants to literary institutions and other public objects. The Wesleyan University at Middletown, has recently received a grant of fifteen thousand dollars, 10,000 of which were paid by the new bank at Farmington, and 5,000 by the Stamford bank, incorporated on condition of paying these sums.

Astor's Hotel.—The corner stone of "the great Hotel," was laid yesterday morning, at a quarter past six o'clock. Mr. Astor was present on the occasion. In a cavity of the stone were deposited Goodrich's Picture of New-York,—the last number of the Mechanics's Magazine, containing a portrait of Lafayette, with an account of his decease—a copy of all the principal newspapers in the city,—and a silver plate with the following inscription:

"Corner Stone of the PARK HOTEL, laid the 4th of July, 1834. The hotel to be erected by JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—Builders, Philetus H. Woodruff, Peter Storms, Campbell & Adams. Superintendents, Isaiah Roger & Wm. W. Berwick. Architect, Isaiah Rogers."—*National Gazette.*

Some strangers being on a visit to Gloucester, Mass. recently called at the house of Mr. Penn, a gentleman of the age of one hundred and two, to pay their respects. He was not at home, but at work in his corn field, a mile distant from his house.

Dr. Drake, of Cincinnati, is engaged in preparing a work for common schools and colleges, on Anatomy, Philosophy, and Hygiene. It is to comprise a volume of about 300 pages, and will be illustrated with various engravings.

M. Goudot, the distinguished naturalist, who has been engaged for several years in exploring the Island of Madagascar, has arrived at Brest with the whole of his collection, comprising upwards of 40,000 specimens, and is expected shortly in Paris.—*Galignani.*

Capital Punishment.—A bill has been reported to the English Parliament, abolishing capital punishment for robbery, letter stealing and constructive burglary.

A lad, an apprentice in a tin and copper manufactory in the Borough of Wyoming, has completed a steam-engine—the whole machinery his own work.

FOREIGN.

London papers to the 25th of May, and Paris to the 24th, have been received at New-York.

In England nothing of importance has occurred since our previous advice.

The news from Lisbon is to the effect that Figueras and Coimbra have surrendered to the Pedronites. Both are said to have fallen without a blow being struck. Figueras was taken possession of by Admiral Napier, and Coimbra by the Spanish and Portuguese forces; the former under the Command of General Rodil, and the latter under that of the Duke of Terceira. The Miguelites are still strong in the province of Beira, and their superiority in the southern part of the kingdom undisputed.

The Cortes of Spain are convoked to assemble on the 24th July. The Carlists still continue to struggle against the government of the Queen; and one of their chiefs, General Zumalacaraguy is accused of acting with the greatest force. Colonel O'Donnel, the son of Count D'Abisbal, having fallen into his hands, was shot.

Neither the German nor the Belgian papers have brought any news, except a report that Leopold, in order to secure the peace of Belgium, is about to propose as a successor to the throne one of his own relatives.

From St. Petersburg, we have an account of the solemnities observed on the occasion of taking of the Oath of Allegiance to his father, the Emperor Nicholas, by the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. This imposing ceremony took place on the 5th inst. in the presence of the Queen and other branches of the Imperial family, and of immense spectators. On the following day, the Grand Duke transmitted to Count Essen, the Governor of St. Petersburg, 50,000 rubles for distribution among the poor inhabitants of that city.

The attention of the people of Paris seems to have been entirely absorbed by the death and funeral obsequies of General Lafayette.—*Presbyterian.*

From the London Times of May 24.

We have received, by express, the Paris papers of Thursday together with a letter from our regular correspondent dated Thursday afternoon, and one from our Madrid correspondent dated Aranjuez, May 13. Our Paris correspondent enters into the most essential particulars, relating to the funeral of General LAFAYETTE, which took place on Thursday, and which was attended by a very large portion of the population of the capital. The procession, notwithstanding the immense crowds of which it was formed, and which continued increasing as it went along the Boulevards, was conducted with exemplary regularity and order, and the day passed off without any symptoms being anywhere exhibited of a feeling that did not entirely partake of respect for, and homage paid to, the deceased. Our letter from Aranjuez informs us, that M. Sarmento, the Portuguese Envoy, had officially communicated to the Spanish Government, on the morning of the 13th, the ratification of Don Pedro of the quadripartite treaty the pacification of the Peninsula. The long-expected ordinance fixing the day of meeting of the Cortes had not been published yet; but it was still believed that the meeting would not be deferred beyond the 24th of July. The Madrid Gazette, of the 11th instant, has published a circular, addressed by the Minister of Finance to the collectors of the Customs, by which the independence of Brazil is all but directly acknowledged by the Government of Spain. The Paris papers do not bring any news.—*Nat. Gaz.*

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines are by the Hon. Richard H. Wilde, of Georgia, well known to all our political readers as a distinguished member of the House of Representatives of the United States.—(*Noah's Star*.)

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky;
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.

But on that rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dew of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail—its state is brief—
Restless and soon to pass away.

Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print these feet
Have left on Tempe's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
This track will vanish from the sand.

Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall e'er lament for me.

(*Metropolitan*.)

MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Observer.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S TENTAMENTARY PREFACE.

Paris, 1st Aug. 1832.—As it is impossible for me to foresee the day of my death, as at my age the days granted to man are but days of grace, I will, for fear of being taken by surprise, give an account of a work which is destined, as it proceeds, to beguile for me the tedium of those last and forlorn hours for which nobody wishes, and which no one knows how to employ. The memoirs, at the head of which this preface will be placed, embrace, or will embrace the whole course of my life; they were commenced in the year 1811, and have been continued up to this day. I relate in the part which is finished, and I shall relate in that part which is only sketched out, my childhood, my education, my early youth, my entrance into the army, my arrival at Paris, my presentation to Louis XVI, the beginning of the revolution, my travels in America, my return to Europe, my emigration to Germany and England, my return to France under the Consulate, my occupations and my works under the Emperor, my journey to Jerusalem, my occupations and my works under the restoration; lastly, the complete history of the restoration and its fall.

I have met with almost all the men who, in my times, have acted a part either great or small, both in foreign countries and in my own; from Washington to Napoleon; from Louis XVI. to Alexander; from Pius VII. to Gregory XVI.; from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria, to Malasherbes, Mirabeau, &c.; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mahomet, Pasha of Egypt, to Suffren, Bougainville, La Perouse, Moreau, &c. I was one of a triumvirate of which there was no preceding example; three poets of different nations, and of contrary interests, were, almost at the same time, ministers of foreign affairs; myself in France, Mr. Canning in England, Martinez de la Rosa in Spain. I have successfully passed through the vacant years of my youth, the busy years of the republican era, the pomp of the empire, and the reign of legitimacy.

I have explored the seas of the old and of the new world; I have trodden the soil of the four quarters of the globe; after having encamped under the hut of the Iroquois, and the tent of the Arab; in the wigwags of the Hurons; amidst the ruins of Athens, of Jerusalem, of Memphis, Carthage, and Grenada; among the Greeks, the Turks, and the Moors, in forests and ruins, after having worn the bearskin coat of the savage, and the silk caftan of the Mameluke; after having endured poverty, hunger, thirst, and exile, I have sat down as minister and ambassador, covered with gold embroidery, and decorated with orders and ribands, at the tables of kings, at the fetes of princes and princesses, to fall again into exigences, and to taste the hardships of a prison.

I have been connected with a multitude of persons celebrated in arms, in the church, in politics, in the magistracy, the sciences, the arts. I am in possession of immense materials; above 400 private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my several embassies, those belonging to the time when I was minister for foreign affairs, among which are unique and unknown documents belonging to myself. I have carried the musket of the soldier, the staff of the traveller, the wand of the pilgrim; a navigator, my fortunes as inconstant as my sail; a halcyon, I have made my nest upon the waves.

I have been engaged in peace and war; I have signed treaties and protocols; and published by the way numerous works. I have been initiated into party, court, and state secrets; I have seen, close at hand, the most extraordinary reverses, the most exalted fortunes, the greatest reputations. I have been present at sieges, at congresses, at conclaves; at the re-edification and demolition of thrones. I have made history* and I could write it. And my solitary, contemplative, poetical life, passed

* *J'ai fait de l'histoire*, meaning, I have been engaged in affairs which will be matter of history.

through this world of realities, of catastrophes, of tumult, of noise, with the sons of my dreams, Chactas, Rene, Eudore, Aben-Hamlet; with the daughters of my chimeras, Atala, Amelie, Blanca, Velleda, Cymodocoe. Within, and beside my age, I perhaps exercised on it, without desiring, and without seeking it, a threefold influence—religious, political, and literary.

I have now left around me only three or four contemporaries of long-standing reputation. Alfieri, Canova, and Monti, are gone; of the days of its glory, it has only Piedmont and Mazzoni; Pellico has wasted the best years of his life in the dungeons of Spielberg; the men of talent of the country of Dante are condemned to silence, or forced to pine in a foreign land. Lord Byron and Mr. Canning have died young; Walter Scott seems to be on the point of leaving us; Goethe has just departed, full of glory and of years, France has hardly any thing left of the riches of its former age; she commences a new era. I remain to bury my age, like the old priest, who in the sack of Bezieres, was to toll the bell before he himself fell, when the last of the citizens should have expired.

When death shall drop the curtain between me and the world, it will be found that my drama is divided into three acts. From my youth till 1800, I was a soldier and a traveller; from 1800 to 1814, under the consulate and the empire, my life was literary; from the restoration up to this time, my life has been political.

In the three successive periods of my career, I have always proposed to myself some great object;—as a traveller, I aspired to the discovery of the polar world; as an author, I have endeavored to re-establish religion on its ruins; as a statesman, I have exerted myself to give to nations the true system of a representative monarchy, with its several liberties—I have at least assisted to obtain that one which is worth them all, which supplies the want of them, and stands at the head of a constitution—the liberty of the press. If I have often failed in my enterprises, it is the fault of my destiny. Foreigners who have succeeded in their designs were seconded by fortune; they were supported by powerful friends and a tranquil country; I have not been so fortunate.

Of the modern French authors of my date, I am almost the only one whose life resembles his works; a traveller, a soldier, a poet, a legislator—it was in the woods that I sung of the woods; on board ships that I painted the sea; in camps that I have spoken of arms; in exile that I have learned exile; it was in courts, public affairs, in assemblies, that I studied princes, politics, laws, and history. The orators of Greece and Rome were mixed up with the state, and shared its fate. In Italy and Spain, at the close of the middle ages, and at the revival of letters, the most distinguished geniuses in literature and the arts participated in the social movement. What stormy and admirable lives were those of Dante, Tasso, Camoens, Ercilla, and Cervantes!

In France our ancient poets and historians sung and wrote in the midst of pilgrimages and combats. Thibault, Count of Champagne, Villehardouin, Joinville, borrowed the felicities of their style from the adventures of their career. Froissart seeks history on the high roads, and learns it of the knights and ables whom he meets and with whom he journeys. But ever since the reign of Francis I., our writers have been insulated men, whose talents might furnish the expression of the spirit, but not of the facts of their epoch. If I am destined to live, I shall represent in my person, that which is represented in my memoirs, the principles, the ideas, the events, the catastrophes of my times; the more so, as I have been the end and the commencement of a world; and as the opposite characters of this end and of this commencement are blended in my opinions, I find myself between the two ages, as at the conflux of two rivers. I plunged into their troubled waves, leaving with regret the shore on which I was born, and navigating with hope towards the unknown coast—the resort of new generations.

The memoirs, divided into books and parts, are written in different times and in different places; these sections naturally lead to a kind of prologues, which relate what has happened since the last dates, and describe the places where I resume the thread of my narrative, and the varied events and the changing forms of my life are thus blended together. It often happens that, in my moments of prosperity, I have to speak of the time of my misfortunes, and that, in my days of tribulation, I recall my day of happiness, and the divers sentiments of the different periods of my life, my youth penetrating into my old age, the gravity of my years of experience casting a gloom over my lighter years—the rays of my sun, from its rising to its setting, crossing and mingling with each other, like the scattered lights of my existence, give a sort of undefinable unity to my work; my cradle has some affinity with my tomb, my tomb with my cradle; my sufferings become pleasures, my pleasures pains; and it cannot be discovered whether these memoirs are the work of a brown or of a gray head.

I do not say this to praise myself, for I do not know if that is good—what I say, is that which has happened without my thinking of it, by the very inconstancy of the storms that assailed my bark, and which often left me, to write this, a short fragment of my life, only the shoal on which I had been shipwrecked.

I have composed these memoirs with a truly paternal predilection; and could wish to be resuscitated at the hour when phantoms are abroad to correct the proofs; the dead go quickly.

The notes which accompany the text are of three kinds; the first, placed at the ends of the volumes, include the explanations and justificatory documents; the second, at the bottom of the pages, were written at the same time as the text; the third, also at the bottom of the pages, have been added since the composition of the text, and both the date and place where they were written are given. A year or two's solitude in some corner of the earth would suffice for the completion of my memoirs; but I have never had any repose, except during the nine months that I slumbered in the bosom of my mother.

It is probable I shall not regain parental repose, till I find it in the bosom of our common mother after death.

Many of my friends have urged me to publish immediately a portion of my history; I have not been able to comply with their wish. First, I should, in spite of myself, be less frank, less true. Then, I have always fancied that I was writing seated in my coffin; hence the work has assumed a sort of religious character, which I could not take away without injuring it; I should be sorry to stifle that remote sounding voice which issues from the tomb, and which is heard in the whole course of the narrative. It will not be thought strange that I retain some weaknesses; that I am anxious about the fate of the poor orphan, who is destined to remain after me on the earth. If Minos should judge that I have suffered enough in this world to be at least a happy shade in the next, a little light from the Elysian fields, illumining my last picture, would serve to render less striking the faults of the painter. Life becomes me ill: death will perhaps become me better.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

London, May 20th 1834.

EXTRAORDINARY EXCURSION FOR PLEASURE.—Among the adventurous excursions planned by Englishmen for the present summer, (1834,) is one to visit a mountain between the 66th and 67th degree of north latitude, not far distant from Tornea, at the extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, from which point, during the latter part of next month, (June) the sun may be seen at midnight. The facilities for this novel undertaking, are, however, greater than is commonly imagined. By the steamboats from Hull, Stockholm may be reached in eight days; and the river may be ascended in boats nearly to the point desired; while to those, who prefer travelling by land, relays of horses which are abundant in that country, are to be obtained on moderate terms. The natives go from great distances to visit the spot mentioned, and to pass mid-summer eve on the mountain, where a species of festival is made, which from the varieties of costume and rustic finery, is said to be of very striking picturesque effect.

ASTHMA.—We learn from an intelligent friend, who has long been afflicted with this most distressing complaint, that the fumes of burning paper, saturated with a solution of saltpetre, gives him perfect relief. He keeps a quantity of the paper—which has been simply soaked in strong saltpetre water, and afterwards dried—constantly on hand, and on the recurrence of a paroxysm obtains almost instant relief from burning half a sheet or a sheet in his room. Others who have been similarly affected, have tried it with corresponding benefit. In no case has it been known to fail, so far as his information extends. We deem the testimony sufficient to warrant the publication of the prescription, which certainly has the merit of simplicity. If it shall prove generally efficacious, its value is beyond price. It can be readily tested.—*Newark Ad.*

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By M. T. C. WING, P.M.
A. CLARK, Assistant.

July 4—3t

THE OBSERVER

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* All communications relative to this paper, must be directed to the Editor, Gambier, Knox Co. Ohio

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